In the Dead of the Night.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan in the Wedding Day.

(*Sold by* J. Evans, *No.* 41, *Long-lane.*)

IN the dead of the night, when with labor oppress'd
All mortals enjoy the ſweet bleſſing of reſt,
A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noiſe,
Who is it, I ſaid, who is it that my reſt thus deſtroys

He anſwered ſo ſoftly, ſo gently, ſo mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child;
Its a cold rainy night, I am wet to the ſkin,
And I have loſt my way, ſo pray let me in.

In compaſſion I roſe, and ſtriking a light,
I open'd the door, when a boy ſtood in ſight
He had wings on his ſhoulders, the rain from them
drip'd,
And with bow and with arrows the boy was equip'd

I ſtir'd up my fire, ſet him down by my ſide,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd
I chaf'd him all o'er, to keep out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

No ſooner from wet and from cold he found eaſe,
Then he took up the bow and ſaid, Ma'am, if you
pleaſe,
would fain, with your leave, by experiment know,
the rain has not damag'd the ſtrings of my bow.

Then ſtraight from his quiver an arrow he drew.
Which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the yew.
My bow is undamag'd, ſaid he, and my dart,
And you will find trouble in bearing the ſmart.